

Toothless and the dragoness

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Summary: Is Toothless really the only Night Fury around? Is he never going to be happy with a mate? But even if he found a Night Fury dragoness, wouldn't she reject a crippled male, one that is not able to perform the mating flight with her? Find out in this story about Night Fury love. It's not exactly mainstream, but over 5500 people read it already. \*Updated\* Rated T.

## 1. A hard decision

**\*\*Toothless and the dragoness \*\***

**\*\*(Updated October 2014. Just a bit of polishing up, as I continue to cherish this tale.)\*\***

**\*\*Toothless has just entered the second mating period of his life. The first one had been unfortunate to him and nearly a disaster for Hiccup. So, what to do now? Hiccup and Astrid have to make a hard decision that goes to the bottom of their marriage. \*\***

**\*\*Hiccup and Toothless set off in search of a mate, on a journey that will be most challenging and rewarding. \*\***

**\*\*Please note: halfway the story and at the end, mild sexual content, though nothing vulgar in my opinion, rated T. \*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: the character of the dragoness is mine. All other characters belong to Cressida Cowell and DreamWorks. \*\***

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**\*\*Chapter 1. A hard decision \*\***

Toothless, my dragon friend, is said to be the only Night Fury around. For a long time I wondered if he truly was the last one of

his kind. As often as I thought about it, my heart ached for his lonelinessâ€¦

It was as I feared: Toothless had come into his mating period again. Something about him had bothered me already, but I must have banned it from thought. Now my second-born came in, a scratch on her arm. "Pa, Toothless did not seem to recognise me, he pushed me over. He is not bad, justâ€¦ and he smells funny". I gave Astrid a quick look, and noticed the sharp look in her eyes. With a sigh I got up and went out to see the dragon. He was not far from the house. He stood there stiff and preoccupied, gazing up at the sky. When I approached him, there was no denying. His posture, the strong smell, the way he absentmindedly greeted me with a push so strong it almost made me fall over. I walked over to the bench and sat down, burying my face in my hands. So this was itâ€¦

It had been like this seven years ago. Same tenseness, same smell, same hardly restrained power. At that time I also understood what was the matter, as we had learnt the ways of the dragon kind by then. But even I, the Dragon Master as they call me \_\_Why? I keep saying. I am master over no dragon, they join us of their own free will\_\_ even I had underestimated the force of his urge. If there had been mates for him nearby, like with all other dragons species, nature would have taken its course. But there were no mates, not even one. In six years, as long as I knew Toothless by then, and in seven years since, we never saw another Night Fury. But I had underestimated him, as he kidnapped me on the first flight we undertook.

After he flew away with me, he had been relentless in his search for a mate. He took me to several islands, flying further than ever before. A couple of days later, we heard another Night Fury roar. We landed on an island, but the mighty roars made Toothless hesitate. He cowered, and set off with me again, flying home. It must have been a male then, one that he did not dare to confront. Once home, he had cooled down quickly.

Indeed, what chance did he have in competing with a male? He could fight on the ground, but not engage in aerial combat. And if he was killed on some faraway island, I would perish not much later, having no means of returning home. To have the safety of an escort was impossible. A Night Fury flies faster than any other dragon species, and Toothless would not restrain himself to slower flight as he normally does in a group.

Then, what chances did he have with a female? Part of the mating ritual is a mating flight. What female would choose a cripple, a male that could not show off his prowess in flight? And no way a wild dragoness would accept a human on his back. To wild dragons, male and female alike, humans are meat like any other prey. I would just be snatched off his back and he would crash.

When we returned from his unsuccessful journey, I was weak from starvation. I had taken some food with me, as I always carry some, but I had had nothing to eat for nearly a week. It had become the worst row in our marriage. And I understood Astrid well. My friendship with the dragon almost made her a widow and would have left three children at that time fatherless. It became an issue over the years: what if his mating season starts again? It would be at least six years away, as all dragons have a cycle, and for Toothless it had come six years after we met. But surely it would come again

and then Toothless would be so much more mature. Wouldn't the frustrated beast become a danger to the village, was the question many villagers asked?

After long deliberation with many sympathising villagers only one solution remained: to fly Toothless, at the first signs, to an uninhabited island nearby and leave him there until he had cooled down again. And this time he would not kidnap me, as I would outsmart him. I had become very skilled in riding him.

>It's just that every time I thought about this solution, a smouldering guilt surfaced. It never died out, because my happy marriage kept fuelling it: I so dearly wished that he also could have a mate, or at least make a chance. But to go on a search with him would be madness. How far would he go? How long would he search? I could only take so much food with me, and I already knew he wouldn't hunt for me and leave me no time to hunt for myself.<p>

Two years ago, Astrid and I again had a bitter argument, because chances were that Toothless would have his mating period the next year. I bit at her "I, who live my life to the full with you and the children, how can I deny my soul mate the fullness of life?" at which she flared back to me: "Am I not your soul mate, then?". Only to continue with "Hush, my darling" at seeing the wretchedness in my face. But then she wept, one of the few times she ever did.

I stood up from the bench. I had decided, there was no other way: Toothless would go to the island.

Just as I turned around, I saw Astrid approach me. She lifted my chin, looked me in the eye and simply said "Go. You go, my love". And when she saw the shock in my face, she continued: "The children say you should go. Even the youngest. She says: Toothless is all alone, he must find a mammy, just like daddy".

>My heart broke. "Do they realise I couldâ€¦!" "Yes, the eldest do, as far as children can."<p>

"I can't, Astrid, I love you too much, you and the children. I will fly Toothless to the island."

"Listen up, Hiccup, I suddenly realised this: Life is not without danger. Not even here in our village in this peaceful time. I could lose you to an accident. You could lose me, or one of our children, to illness. But we live, we all live! We are a fierce and stubborn people, to us there is no life without risk. Our people have set sail for generations, not knowing if they would ever return to their families.

>And there's also this, Hiccup: for generations we have lost loved ones, like your mother, in war with the dragons, <em>taking their life<em>. Maybe we will lose you, but that would be in your effort to give a dragon a life! And why wouldn't you return? Life is full of chances! Go, my darling".

She turned and walked off, leaving me standing there speechless.

## 2. On the search

**\*\*Chapter 2. On the search\*\***

Things had to go fast from that moment on, as Toothless became more agitated by the hour. Food was gathered in haste from all over the village, biscuit-bread from whoever had it in store, dried meat, dried berries, lightweight stuff. Rumour spread like wildfire: Hiccup is leaving with Toothless to search for a mate! I took water, my warmest clothes, and a blanket. And tinder, as I could not rely on Toothless to start a fire for me.

>Then came the goodbyes: the villagers, including Gobber, were waving goodbye from a safe distance. My father, who by the stiffness of his embrace did not approve. Then my children who looked at me with clear eyes uttering shy remarks. <em>Oh, my darlings. <em>Then Astrid. I trembled when we embraced.

>She did not.<br>Always so much stronger than I am.

Then off we went, into the air. I did not have time for grief or fear, because I needed all of my skill to keep us in the air. Toothless was wilful, even worse than last time. He did not connect to me at all, so I could hardly anticipate his moves. It was shocking just how powerful he had become, I hadn't realised as we always move in sync. Luckily I had taken the precaution to attach extra safety lines that tied me to the saddle. All Toothless' intent was on the search, calling out every now and then. On inspecting an island he would dive at will, leaving it up to me to keep us airborne. While looking around, he jerked his head from side to side, tearing the handles from my hands. Thanks to the safety lines I didn't fall off. Once down he would barely give me time to sleep or eat, ever urging me on with a growl.

I lost count of the days Toothless searched, for I needed all energy to handle him, falling asleep worn out in the evening. We searched lots of islands until eventually we covered a stretch of ocean and hit the shores of the Mainland. Without hesitation, Toothless took me across a wide mountain range. The next day he continued to fly east. Late in the afternoon he suddenly perked up his ears, gave a mighty scream, and sped off in one direction. Before long I heard it too: screams, similar to his. Screams of another Night Fury! As he showed no fear, I assumed, hoped, it would be a female this time. But maybe he also was not afraid of a male anymore and would swoop down anyhow, to challenge him.

><em>Oh Astrid, we will be in grave danger within minutes, whether it is a male or a female. <em>

**\*\*First encounter\*\***

>We sped over the lands below, which were forests, dotted with glades and interlaced with streams and rivers. We came very near to the source of the screams now, and there we swooped over a glade with a dark form on it, a blur to my eyes. Because of the speed we shot by, but when Toothless took a turn, I quickly outmanoeuvred him with a jerk on the tail fin, forcing him down onto another glade. Close, but not too near. I do not know how I got the gear off, as he was wild. Only the long years of friendship prevented him from trampling me, I guess. Scarcely the tailfin had been removed, or he sped off.  
<em>Good luck, my friend!<em>

Although, that was not my friend disappearing from view. That was a dragon all of his own, engaging in the game of life or death.

Now I had to bring myself in safety real quick. One whiff of my smell and I would be dead meat for that other dragon. Nothing could be done about my smell lingering on Toothless, I just hoped his own strong

smell would cover it up sufficiently. I scanned the surroundings and decided to hide the harness far away in the woods opposite to the direction Toothless went. It was a difficult task. Burdened with all of the clumsy gear and luggage, my prosthesis slowed me down on the soft cushions of moss, but fear whipped me on. I covered rig and luggage in leaves and moss. Then I scanned the wind and went to find some place for myself downwind but within vision of the glade, taking food, water and the blanket with me. As soon as I found a good spot, I thoroughly rubbed myself and everything I carried with me with dirt, leaves and moss to conceal the smell as well as possible.

Once settled, I gave my attention to the screaming dragons. To me it seemed that Toothless howled with lust, but it sounded so near to aggression that I could not be sure. The other dragon also howled and screamed. The sound missed the deepest tones, though. \_Let it be a female, let it be a female! \_Suddenly there was a short row, and then only the other dragon screamed on.

\_Toothless!\_ -my heart skipped a beat. But there he came crashing out of the forest. He was clearly aroused. So it was a dragoness! But also: she had rejected him and had driven him away. I watched Toothless stamping off his frustration. It was to be expected, but actually seeing him so devastated, ripped the veil of my hidden guilt.

It hit me like a physical blow and I slumped to my knees. \_This is for real: you are unacceptable to a dragoness! And I did that to you. Oh, my friend.\_

### 3. The dragoness

#### **\*\*Chapter 3. The dragoness\*\***

Maybe he will cool down now. How long will it take before we can fly home again? \_Will you still be my friend after this? \_But Toothless did not cool down. After a while he lay down, as his lust kept him tied to the spot. But he was jittery, leaping to his feet again and again, pacing this way and that. But every time he lay down again, his body pointed in the direction of the dragoness. He became brooding, intent on just one thing: the screams of the dragoness that rose up again, calling to her a more suitable mate. With pauses in between, she called all night, but Toothless kept his silence. No other male came. Only at dawn did he answer her call once. This silenced her for a while, but nothing more happened. During the morning her calls became more frequent, and Toothless answered her ever more often. Why didn't she fly off in search, I wondered? Maybe the fact that a male was nearby, even if he was not to her liking? How rare are these dragons anyway? Still no other male arrived.

The dragoness kept silent during the afternoon. But at the end of the afternoon she raised her voice again, her calls carrying a desperate tone now. Toothless reacted as if stung and started to roar as I had never heard him do before. He did not stop this time but went on and on, while trampling and beating his wings, running this way and that, drowning the calls of the dragoness with thunderous roars. Did his mighty roars do it? Because she came! In silence she came flying in and circled the glade, eying Toothless in his frenzy. Then she came swooping down.

Toothless must have made some good moves, prancing, howling, showing himself off, as she took a hesitant step towards him. He at once started to circle her, but though she was very alert, teeth bared and snarling, she did not fly off. This was enough encouragement for Toothless, so he neared her and attempted to mount her. But she would have nothing of that! She shook him off and with a fierce howl attacked him.

Toothless backed away, hesitantly. But when she launched attack after attack, but did not fly away, his instinct kick in again and he counterattacked just as fierce. They fought ferociously, but more by wrestling than with tooth and claw. Spitting fire, but only to the side. It was as if the dragoness tested this male, that did not perform the mating flight with her, to the limit. They wrestled without uttering screams. For a time nothing else could be heard but the banging of their bodies colliding, the heavy panting and the rustle of wings.

Then, imperceptible at first, the wrestling changed. Their movements became ever more synchronised until eventually they moved in sync. As in a dance they rose on their hind legs, forepaws patting the others chest. Wings beating, they rubbed their necks together. Then, lowering themselves again, they rubbed their bodies together in sinuous movements. Suddenly the dragoness lowered herself to the ground, tail to the side, uttering a piercing cry. Toothless decidedly placed his forepaws on her body, and when she didn't shake him off, mounted her.

Their mating was brief, but a beautiful sight. The dragoness crouching low, wings spread wide, her head arched up. Toothless on top of her, his head lowered so it pressed onto hers, his wings high up while moving his body slowly to find her opening and ease himself in. Then arching his back and rising again with a mighty rustle of wings. The dragoness also rose immediately, shook herself and after a bit more pushing and rubbing, they lay down together for a while. That night their need would take hold of them again and again and they would start all over with dancing and mating, every time with more screaming and howling, until eventually the forest echoed with their cries.

#### 4. Mates

##### **\*\*Chapter 4. Mates\*\***

During the next day they mostly dozed next to each another. At some point awake, they sniffed each other out with deep intakes of breath, as if the smells had to satisfy a deep hunger. They were caked in dust, so they went to the nearby stream to take a bath. After that they unhurried licked each other, transferring their personal scent again and giving pleasure. I saw how it aroused them, but they did not have the energy to mate yet.

It gave me the opportunity to look at the dragoness more closely. With regard to dragons, there is hardly a difference between male and female, and so it was with them. Her body was slightly more rounded, the tail maybe a bit shorter. The biggest difference were the earflaps. The middle ones were shorter than those of Toothless. In total she was just slightly smaller, but then again, Toothless had probably grown to the full as he had hardly known periods of

starvation.

But her eyes were the same as his, the same green jewels, her pupils more dilated than before as she had become more at ease with her unusual mate. She wasn't at ease completely yet, stealing glances at his maimed tail, still being uneasy about it. I filled my eyes with the sight of this other Night Fury. Lucky for me she hardly took notice of the surroundings, and she didn't need to, not one animal came nearby. So she did not notice my smell or the occasional snap of a branch when I sneaked around to keep downwind. Indeed, when they rested and were quiet, I hardly dared to move a muscle. I was very sleepy myself, as the noisy dragons woke me up again and again. But I was afraid to fall asleep and snore, the dragoness might hear me in the quiet of the day.

When the night fell, they started all over again, but without the fierceness of the previous night. They didn't scream anymore, but voiced all sorts of crooning sounds. The dancing ebbed away, but the sinuous movements intensified. They caressed each other intensely with head, tongue and body until it peaked in mating again and again. They were more at ease with each other now. In the early morning light I saw them sharing glances and blowing soft breaths at one another.

During the day, between naps, mostly cuddled up in one heap of scaly hide, they became ever more playful. Patting each other, rolling over at the slightest touch. She lazily scratched his hide which sent shivers of pleasure through him. He nibbled her ears, sending her into bliss. Sometimes, when they both seemed asleep, their wings lazily played together. Or their tails would touch and wriggle. Because, to my delight, that morning the dragoness had come to accept his maimed tail.

She had looked at his tail again, openly observing it. Toothless had lain motionless, suddenly tense and depressed under her scrutinizing gaze. She then started to sniff and nuzzle the end of his tail, where one half of the tailfin had gone. She lifted her head to look at Toothless: his posture radiated shame, head flat on the ground, eyes closed. She then curled her own tail around her body and with it tapped the tip of his tail. No response. Then wriggled her tail under his and lifted it, this time having her mate send her an alarmed look before laying his head down again.

She let the tail slip and stood a moment in thought. Then positioned herself on her back next to him with her head next to his. With a flick of her tail she had his tail on her chest and grabbed it with her forepaws. She started to lick it, starting at the base of the fin that was still there, then working the whole fin carefully with long, slow licks. After that she shot a quick glance at the big head next to hers. No response, his body all taut. Then she started at the base of the missing fin. Now he started to tremble. She however moved on to the scar where the fin had been ripped off. As she licked the irregular seam over and over, he could not contain it any longer and his mighty body started to heave as in big, silent sobs. \_Do dragons cry, then?\_ She stopped to lick and with a sigh relaxed. She just held his tail onto her chest with her forepaws, closed her eyes and let him go through his emotions.

After a while his body started to relax until he lay quite still and she lifted her paws from his tail. There it lay, limp and lifeless.

She tilted her head slightly to look at his face and nudged him until his eyes cracked open. She returned to looking at the tail tip and then suddenly whacked it with her tongue. No response. Again she whacked it. Now the tip curled up. She then opened her mouth wide -gorgeous pinks against the black- and waved her tongue invitingly. His eyes flew wide open, looking from her broad pink tongue to his tail tip. One hesitant move, then the tip was on the hunt, chasing her tongue, exploring the roof of her mouth, making her giggle. But with his big tailfin in the way, he could enter her mouth only so far and started to show signs that he would love to stick something else of him in a different place. He was spent, however, and unable to move. She took that as an opportunity to have fun and didn't waste a heartbeat. She darted just out of his reach and then, a smirk on her face, lounged on her side. She lazily rolled over and let him roast in his lust at the sight of her. But when he panted heavily, she returned to him, banged him on the head with hers, snuggled up and before long they both were snoring softly.

In the late afternoon the dragoness was the first to get active again. She toyed with the lazy bulk of her mate, sniffed him all out again and prodded him here and there, which extracted happy grunts from him. Engaged, she shoved him flat on his belly. Then she mounted him, for a change letting him have all of her weight, while flapping her wings and shifting this way and that to get a hold. He thoroughly enjoyed it, judged by the long-lasting moans that escaped him.

Becoming ever more thrilled with this game, she got off, pushed him over on his back and started to mount him again. This proved to be more difficult, because of their dome shaped chests. However, intent on the job she worked her way up. Her careful movements sent her mate into bliss: paws waving limply in the air, head resting upside-down on the ground. But she slid down. After giving herself a good shake, she tried to get on top with a dive, which made him go OOFF, but now she rolled off. Immensely pleased by it all, he invited her to try again. This time he supported her body with his paws and folded his wings around her to secure her. When she was up, precariously balancing, their genitals must have touched, because they both started to scream. It made them topple over at once. Her mate had no difficulty finishing the job and, screaming both like they did the first night, they mated to satisfaction.

I never saw Toothless happier than when he lay on his back again afterwards, wide awake, with the head of his slumbering mate on his belly. He tried to lay motionless for her, but simply had to move. So he quietly stretched one paw after another, flexed and closed his claws, swished the tip of his tail and rubbed his upside-down head against the soil. Then he tilted his head to get a peek at her, only to sigh so deeply that her head bobbed on his belly. This caused her to open an eye and close it again with a huff. Unable to be noiseless any longer he started to purr in a low-pitched rumble, which made the dragoness drowsily give a lick at her rumbling pillow.

That night at times they lay tightly pressed together, then again quietly folded themselves around each other in every way possible. There could not be any part of their bodies left that had not been pressed and caressed. Every now and again he would mount her, but they mated less and less. It was as if the weight of Toothless on top of her was enough for the dragoness, and the feel of her body under him satisfying enough for him. They now uttered soft sounds, as if



they quietly talked all night. And maybe they did, for all I know?

## 5. Coming home

### \*\*Chapter 5. Going home\*\*

During the next morning the dragoness became ever more restless. She would walk away from her mate, look up to the sky and beat her wings. Then come back and caress him. He returned the caresses, but apart from that kept his peace. After another long gaze at the sky she made a decision and started to wash herself clean of all mating. She breathed fire over her body and bathed in the flames, which singed her hide clean, leaving her odourless.

>Yes, she was leaving, as now she had her eggs to take care of. They made their farewells by sharing long gazes, uttering soft, long lasting sounds and exchanging tender little touches with the head. Then suddenly, the dragoness rose and took wing. She circled the glade once, casting a last glance at her mate and then, with a scream, she sped off. Toothless shook himself and then stood motionless, looking up at the sky for a long, long time. After that he lay down on the spot, hardly moving for the rest of the day.<p>

Finally, in the evening, Toothless came looking for me. I showed myself, keeping myself slightly turned to the side in order to leave the intensity of the contact to him. I heard him approach and felt his acknowledgment by a firm brush. But that was all, nothing more. Toothless returned to the glade and lay down again. Yet to me it was the sign to come out of hiding. I collected all the gear and settled near the treeline. There I built a fire to finally be warm again after three chilly nights and slept soundly.

During the next day and night Toothless took no notice of me, and I didn't mind to be honest. I had to eat, rest, wash and inspect the flying harness. Besides that, I definitely needed to recover myself. I hadn't had nearly enough sleep. I had tried to sleep whenever I was sure to be downwind, but the dragons woke me up again and again. But also, when watching them, I had been beside myself with wonder and rapture, being mesmerised by their play. I will never forget how they moved together, their scaly bodies gleaming in the light of the moon. Their howls had shaken me, electrified me. Hardly ever had I felt so alive, so vibrant, full of excitement. At times I got aroused myself, picturing me doing some of the things I saw to my wife. At times I even had to bite my hand to prevent me from moaning and screaming in unison.

And then there was another thing, difficult to admit, even now. When I witnessed my friend surrendering his maimed tail to the loving care of the dragoness, something in me had snapped. Tears streaming down my face, I watched the doings of the pair, until they dozed off. Then it hit me: how many times had I pushed Astrid away from my crippled leg? She had wanted to caress all of my body, including my stump. Or, at least explore it. But I never gave her a chance. Eventually she gave up on it. And I asked myself, what had I denied her? Denied us? For all my gentle nature, I had been adamant and hateful about this, hating my stump.

NO. At that moment the truth hit me, as both truth and naked pain

permeated the atmosphere of the glade. The hate I felt was for all of my inabilities. The sheer unbelief that this strong, beautiful woman had chosen me. Had chosen my thin frame and maimed body over the strapping lads of our village. In bed, she was stronger than I, eventually taking the lead as I would not step up to it. Not that we had an unhappy sex life, butâ€¦ I looked down on my leg, took the prosthetic off and bared the stump. What if I had let Astrid lay a loving hand on it? What if I would have been so much more man to her? The pain and shame of it washed over me. I took the stump in my hands, crumpled in the thick layer of leaves and cried my heart out in dry sobs, as my tears already had been spent. There, buried in the leaves, I grieved a long time for both the loss of my foot and for what I had denied the pair of us all these years.

When I had emptied, a picture came to mind: the playfully wriggling tongue of the dragoness, the way she had invited Toothless : \_come and get me, play with me?\_ It instantly made me chuckle. Yes, I would change. Put aside my shame. The intensity of the love-making of the dragons had struck me, made me feel stirrings of unknown power in my own bodyâ€¦ no in body and mind. I will explore that together with my wife, my Astrid. And whenever I get stuck again, this fun-loving, playful dragoness will be my guide. I chuckled again, thinking about this, while sitting next to my fire. Nevertheless, all had to settle to an easier level.

The next morning I again ate my fill at breakfast, a new fire burning. After clearing everything away, I heard Toothless move. He started to wash himself thoroughly, also by means of a fire-bath. After that he took a long drink in the stream and then walked towards me. Without a look or acknowledgement he gave the flying harness a nudge. Quietly and without any unnecessary touch I put it on him, and attached the luggage. Then I hoisted myself in the saddle. Toothless took off and circled the glade in ever widening loops until he broke away on a course back home.

On the first day of flying we kept quiet, only exchanging the barest necessary signals. Flying was much easier now. Toothless still had only partly connected, but at least he did not prevent the routine from settling in. Next day we found a stream full of trout and Toothless took his first meal. It took him a day of rest to start digestion and let the food strengthen him. I had noticed already that his ribs started to show, as he had hardly eaten for several weeks. That evening, when he walked by, he briefly looked me in the eye. Next morning he nudged me, and again gave me a brief look. Only then did I feel free enough to cast a full glance back.

But I still refrained from touching him unnecessarily. Never before had we been reserved with each other like this, but it did not feel unnatural and there was nothing wrong between us. Over the next days I observed him. The air about him had changed. He was leaner than he ever was, but at the same time looked more powerful. He mostly kept quiet, but at times he would slowly stretch and roll as he had done with his mate. He was slow, but not sluggish. It was more like all movement had been done. There was a glow of satisfaction about him, although it didn't show it in anything particular.

>"Your name should not be Toothless anymore" I thought, but no other name came to mind.<p>

The long days of flight gave me plenty of time for musing: \_Now you will be a father too, Toothless, although not like a human father. By

your own prowess, and by the sacrifice of my family, you have stepped into the circle of life. If all goes well, your dragoness soon will lay her eggs and there will be a next generation of Night Furies to grace the face of the earth. Wouldn't that be wonderful as there seem to be so very few of your kind?

><em>It made me happy to think about hatchling Night Furies. What would they look like, frolicking around? And my heart ached for my own children.

I also mused about another thing: how is it possible that he does not miss her? I missed Astrid and the children so much that it hurt. Yet Toothless did not express grief, he seemed serene and complete. Maybe the memory of a dragon differs much from ours, I pondered. Toothless didn't forget a thing, I knew that. Could it be that he not only carried the memory of her in his brain, but on every inch of his hide, in every fibre of his muscles, in all of his being? He so intensely caressed every inch of their body, would she be imprinted on him so that he carries her with him now? Is that why I hardly touch him? To not mar her image on him? But there is just no way of knowing.

Toothless did not pick up my train of thoughts, as he surprisingly often does. Instead, he laboured to get us home. It had been my last worry: what if he would just rest and eat, as I guess any other male dragon would do? I had run out of food and could live on fish alone only for so long. But he flew us back, not eating nearly enough for the effort, his ribs showing more every day.

><em>Instead of recovering, you bring us home, what a friend you are! Just two more days I guess. Hold on, Toothless! <em>

I longed so much for Astrid and the young ones. My children would storm me with questions, I could picture it already:

>"Was she beautiful, dad?" (the girls).<br>"Did they mate exactly like the Zipplebacks do?" (my youngest son, a very practical little guy, who is fond of Zipplebacks).

>"Did she love him?" (they all love Toothless and think everybody should too).<br>"What did he do with her?" And so on, and so on.

>Yes, I will tell them, in terms appropriate to them, about the fierceness and tenderness of their mating. About the difficult start. About how sweetly the dragoness eventually accepted his damaged tail. About how beautifully they had played together in the moonlight.<br>"Oooooohhh" they will sigh delighted. I can hear it already.

>Yes, if this mating hadn't been a grace to the Creator, what would?<p>

Once home, it took Toothless several weeks to become interested in us again. The children left him in peace, somehow understanding he needed time.

>"He thinks about her, papa. And he is happy". So they saw that.<br>Their questions came, and I answered them. So did the questions of the villagers. Soon it was decided that if Toothless gave any sign of wanting it, we would do everything to find the dragoness. Maybe to even try and take her with us to our island, to live with her mate. With all of us.

The evening of our arrival I told the children, with my eyes on Astrid "You will all be sleeping out tonight. I want to have mama for myself" causing giggles and starry eyes. That night, in making love

to my wife, she found out I had no inhibitions anymore. I felt so sparkling and alive, I had a new feeling of being totally whole. The idea of myself as a cripple had been left behind on that faraway glade. For the first time I was able to meet her fire with all of my own, caressing her "the dragon way" until she cried out in need of me. Oh, my dragoness!

When afterwards we laid in each other's arms, she whispered: "I was afraid I would lose you, either to the danger of his journey, or that you would ever more fade away into the dragon world. But that did not happen, you came back to me being all of your true self. What a precious gift your dragon friend has given you, given us, without even knowing it. I am so happy, my love."

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**\*\*Happy to receive a review, please drop me a line. \*\***

**\*\*Dear reader, at first I thought this was it. But as time went on it started to itch and I wrote a sequel, called 'Silverwings and Toothless'.**

**><strong>Silverwings, as is the name of the dragoness, awaits Toothless who promised to come visit her a year after their mating period together, when they greatly fell in love. She learned his real name: Nighthawk. Together they have five children.**

**>Silverwings is nervous about the fact that Toothless is going to reveal to her the secret of his flight. She doesn't understand how he is able to fly with half a tailfin gone. Nighthawk was reluctant to tell her but promised to show her once he found her again. But he told her he feared to reveal it, as it could tear their love apart.<br>She has no idea that Toothless and Hiccup hope to take her and her yearlings, Toothless' children, back to Berk. What would that mean to this solitary taiga-dwelling dragoness?**

**\*\*I chose to be true to the mating of reptiles (adding bits of the mating of large birds and lions). But what makes it truly dragon-like to me is the intense lovemaking, and the sharing of pain and fun. Toothless got very happy, which is hardly lessened by the departure of his beloved dragoness. He is at ease and satisfied the reptilian way. \*\***

**\*\*Also I chose to not leave Hiccups children out. In a village like Hiccup's, children would see animals mating: the rooster and the hens, the ram and the sheep. And the dragons. They know that is how the lambs and the eggs are made. They would take that as a fact of life. It has been like that for children in earlier societies, and it still is in rural environments. And they might guess that adults also do certain things together, with babies as a result, though I chose that to be hidden from their view.\*\***

End  
file.